

The Democratic Standard.

DEVOTED TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS—THE DIFFUSION OF GENERAL INTELLIGENCE—AND THE REFORM OF ALL POLITICAL ABUSES.

BY D. P. PALMER.

GEORGETOWN, O. TUESDAY JULY 16, 1844.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. IV. No. 51.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

Drunk at the Celebration in Georgetown, of the 68th anniversary of American Independence, on the 4th of July, 1844.

Washington—Virtue and valor have wreathed for him a crown of laurels that will never fade—though dead he yet lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

The American Flag.—The only thing American that wears stars; the only thing American that will bear stripes.

The tree of Liberty.—Which was planted and flourishes—may it ever continue to flourish.

By Wm. Shields. The Soldiers of the Revolutionary war—those of them that yet live—may they live in peace and may the memory of the whole never be forgotten, and particularly the cause they espoused by the people of these United States.

By A. Guest. George Washington—“First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen”—his fame is eternal and his residence crest on Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity attained and victory returned it.”

By J. H. Blair. The signs of the Declaration of Independence—they possessed the hearts to conceive the instrument, and the nerves to carry its principles into successful operation—to them are we indebted, under providence, for the foundation of all the liberty we enjoy, both Religious and Political.

By K. Frazier Stewart. Our National Flag—“O’ long may it wave o’er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.”

By D. Noble. The United States—the garden of the world—the land of heroes, the cradle of Liberty, her fair daughters are the best representatives of the beauty and purity of her free institutions.

By Cyrus Todd. Our Revolutionary Fathers—may their revered names, noble deeds and shed blood, be ever fresh in the hearts of the American people, to fill the discordant elements that now endanger our glorious Union.

By S. F. Dowdney. Washington—Undying laurels, fair as thy virtues, and imperishable as thy fame, shall bloom around thy monument.

By D. P. Palmer. The Boston Tea Party of 1773—Though in the garb of savages, they possessed the souls of intelligent and patriotic men, and were the first to forcibly resist British oppression.

By the Market House. Ireland—the land of eloquence and the mother of the warm hearted and true.

By Ohio. Kentucky—her sons are never last in the battle field—may her daughters not be the last for Union.

By a Guest. “The union now and for ever, one and inseparable.”

By G. B. White. The orator of the day—may he live to emulate the noble deeds which he has so eloquently portrayed.

By Wm. Shields. The young republic of Texas—may she manfully maintain her independence, until Mexico will be compelled to acknowledge her independence.

By a Bachelor. The Ladies—the Palladium of our Liberty—their virtue, intelligence and patriotism, the best evidence of the insupportability of corruption of our free institutions.

Wine and Woman—the intoxication of the one makes the head ache, that of the other makes the heart ache.

By O. F. Jones. Our country and her free institutions—long may they be protected in the good old way and be preserved unscathed and uncontaminated in the spirit and truth of ’76.

By L. W. Chaffant. The anniversary of American Independence—may we ever continue to celebrate it “in the good old way.”

By the Company. The officers of the day.

By Ladies of Felicity. Anarchy looked out from her cavern and was dashed into oblivion, as we trust for ever.

By T. G. Penn. Let the lamps of liberty be rekindled and supplied with an emanation from that pure spirit which characterized the fathers of our republic, and it will continue to burn with spotless lustre.

By B. M. Penn. The day we celebrate—when the sons of Freedom forgot the principles which animated their sires, may its name be blotted from the Calendar.

By L. W. Chaffant. The Ladies—“God bless them—with all their faults we love them still.”

By S. O. Snider. The 4th of July—may it ever be celebrated in the true spirit of ’76, free from party strife.

By L. W. Chaffant. We acknowledge no rank, but merit; no government, but a government of the people; no master but God.

By a Guest. George Washington—Providence left him children; that the nation might call him father.

By J. H. Blair. May the telons of the

American Eagle fasten the globe until the world becomes a republic, the names of Kings, Lords and all such rich names be a hissing to all free people.

By T. G. Penn. The orator of the day. Long, long may Charlie live to sustain by his eloquence the cause of liberty.

By David Crawford. The Declaration of American Independence—the sun of the political universe which animates and enlightens man from the equator to the poles. It teaches Kings wisdom and gives their subjects a proper estimate of man’s high destiny.

By T. C. Penn. The memory of Wm. Henry Harrison—It will ever be regarded as sacred by American freemen.

By the Company. The Committee of arrangements.

By a Guest. The spirit of ’76—an ardent spirit of which Britain drank twice too freely of to wish again to become intoxicated with.

By a stranger. The Ladies of Georgetown—we appreciate their worth, we admire them for their Beauty and we love them because we want help it.

By A. B. Heterick. Woman—the last, best gift of Heaven to man.

By K. F. Stewart. The day we celebrate—may every anniversary, to the end of time, behold our country prosperous, our people free.

By the Committee of arrangements. The Ladies of Georgetown—the attention which they displayed in the decoration of our Church demonstrates their Patriotism, while we have enough such, the country is safe.

By C. W. Blair. George Washington—the purest patriot that ever drew sword in the cause of Freedom—may all posterity echo his song of triumph and cull the choicest flowers from Fame’s bright chaplet to beautify his fideless crown.

By O. F. Jones. Our Flag—majestic monarch of the skies, child of the sun, may she ever remain unfurled o’er the citadel of our freedom and wave in splendor over the descendants of ’76.

By D. Noble. The Declaration of Independence—let it be written in characters of sunlight effulgence on the broad arch of heaven, that the world may read.

By a Guest. Ireland—may the time soon come when her noble sons shall have cause to hail as loud as we on account of being a free people.

By J. H. Smith. The 4th of July—blessed be the day on which men of all parties can forget their differences and meet as brethren.

By Wm. Shields. The whig and democratic parties of the day—may justice, truth and pure principles of a republican government lie nearest their hearts, to the exclusion of every thing that is calculated to mar the peace and harmony of these United States.

By L. R. Bloom. G’ d bless the woman that raised the Goose that had the quill that penned the Declaration of Independence.

By a Kentuckian. Daughters of Ohio—possessors of virtue and beauty, how can her sons be other than talented and patriotic.

By B. M. Penn. The fair—as the clinging tendrils of the vine weave into a common arbor the tree of the forest, so may Columbia’s peerless daughters unite all true friends of their country into one social brotherhood.

By J. R. Ralston. The Chaplain. His patriotism is, only, excelled by his exemplary piety and virtue.

By L. W. Chaffant. The Reader. May he live, to sustain and cherish those invaluable truths which he announced to us to day.

By K. Frazier Stewart. The Ladies. “They toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

By James P. Fife. The Union. May it stand firm and united against all the intrigues of faction and storms of Revolution, until the thrones and crowns of the despots of the earth shall crumble into dust, and the freedom of their subjects rising from their ashes, shall proclaim to the Universe “the people and not Kings are born to rule.”

By J. J. Higgins. The Sage of the Hermitage—May the evening of his days be as tranquil and happy as the morning has been useful and glorious.

By A. J. Ivy. May the patriots of ’44 ever be as willing to pledge their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honours to preserve the liberties we now enjoy as the patriots of ’76.

By a Guest. America. The rigor of youth in her step, the heaves of liberty hewn in her eye—her destiny is expressed in two words: onward and upward.

By A. Salloo. The Ladies—May they continue to prove to be to us in virtue, loveliness, cheerfulness, morality, sobriety, and all other accomplishments which adorn the human race, as the polar star is to the mariner, a sure and guiding light.

By J. H. Blair. The Heroes had a

ge of the Revolution—Though their earthly career may be ended, and their bodies crumbled to dust; yet they have left this fair fabric of liberty as a monument behind them, which I trust will be as imperishable as the rivers which meander the continent they redeemed.

By O. J. Stewart. The signers of the declaration of independence—Bold, daring, upright; may they ever live in the hearts of a grateful people.

By S. C. Snider. Our Country—May her free institutions be perpetuated as long as time.

By Georgetown. This Celebration—May our friends from a distance have to say that it was good to be here.

By C. W. Blair. The Ladies who decorated the Church—May their virtues cluster around and adorn them in their private and domestic relations as beautifully as their useful decorations hang upon the walls of the sacred Temple.

By E. Moore. Thomas Jefferson, third President—may his successors in office follow his examples—we are all Federalists; we are all Republicans.

The Orator of the day!—May his latter days be as brilliant as his youth is ominous.

The Ladies!—May they be in favor of annexation, whether it brings peace or war.

The coat of arms of Ohio—the rising Sun, may she never fail to shine to give light to her supporters.

By G. B. White. Lafayette—Buried in Europe—he lies beneath American soil. “Peace to his manes.”

T. Quinsland Blair. The Beauty and Ornament of this assembly. It can be best.

By T. M. D. Richards. Our Country—the land of Washington! The land of the Brave and free! purchased by the blood of our Revolutionary Sires—Long may she remain a terror to Despotism, the home of the oppressed—Long may her Eagle float in its pristine purity over the fair Land of Columbia, the soil so congenial to Freedom.

By J. L. C. Johnson. Ohio—The Giant of the West—The proceedings of the day prove that the spirit of ’76 still burns brightly within her borders.

By a Visitor. Cold Water—He that prefers, let him drink it—and he that wants something stronger, let him have it.

By E. Ott. May this day be unanimously celebrated by the true Americans of these United States with a spirit of love to one another as freemen and patriots of this country.

A few toasts, which the officers considered of party character, are omitted.

For the Standard.

LYNCHED.

A colored lad about 15 years of age was taken from the house of Mr. J. Salisbury on the night of Thursday the 23th of June about midnight, by a party of whites and blacks and was taken some distance from the house & from the protection of the family, under pretence of pumping him about some money which had been stolen in the neighborhood, and for which the boy had been tried by a magistrate and discharged. But as he would not confess to stealing the money, they then proceeded in the good old way, tying his hands behind his back and then tying him up to a tree and pumped him in the most approved manner of doing such things (in the land of peculiar institutions) with this exception, ‘tis said the colored gentlemen were not allowed to do all the whipping, but that some of the white men most ingloriously laid to a helping hand, and lacerating his back most inhumanly: finding he would acknowledge nothing, they let him loose. One of the mob, ‘tis said, is an elder in the church at Red oak, and another is frequently in the habit of delivering lectures on the principles of the third party. Query, was there any particular indication gentlemen sought for or pointed out as to the manner of proceeding in this case, as was said to have been done in a similar case in this land of laws and civilization, or was the boy allowed the benefit of a lecture on the wrongs of the negroes in general. It will hardly be credited that such an occurrence should take place within a few miles of Ripley, and close to that Seminary, but when our friend of a well regulated banking currency investigates the matter we will then understand more about the proceedings of those who are possessed of all the philanthropy.

Yours,

P.

From the Ohio Statesman.

ANECDOTE OF JAMES K. POLK.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 19, 1844.

Dear Sir: As a humble democrat, proud of every distinguished American Statesman who has risen to eminence from the humble walks of life, by virtue of his own industry, energy and perseverance, I would communicate for your perusal a few incidents in the early life of Gov. Polk, the Republican nominee for the Presidency, that will place nothing in comparison with those that have been related about Mr. Clay as having once been a mill boy in Virginia.

There is an old miller now living in Maury county in this State, about forty miles from this city, who amuses his friends by the hour with interesting tales about “James K. Polk when he used to come to mill to me.” He is a worthy old citizen by the name of Micajah Brooks, who about forty years ago established the first gristmill that was erected among the canebrakes on Duck River. At that time young Polk was accustomed to take corn to his mill on horseback, to be ground to meal for the use of his father’s family, and it has been a standing boast with the worthy old miller ever since Mr. Polk entered public life; “he was a good mill boy, has brought many a bag to my mill, and I shall not be surprised to see him made President one of these days.” Since the nomination the old man seems to be overjoyed, and terms every period with “success to the mill boy of the frontier success to the pioneer mill boy!” &c.

There are one or two other incidents of this character, which I will forward you by next mail.

Yours truly,

From the Pennsylvania.

THE BARGAIN AND SALE. The attempt is made to raise a doubt whether Henry Clay was treacherous to Kentucky in voting for Mr. Adams in violation of the instructions of the Legislature in favor of Andrew Jackson. There is one historical fact which marches direct to the point. In 1825 notwithstanding Mr. Clay’s efforts to the contrary the people of Kentucky gave a majority of 7,904 votes to Andrew Jackson over the Adams and Clay coalition while in 1824 so unpopular was Adams in Kentucky that no regular Electoral ticket was formed for him. About a hundred votes was cast on his behalf; yet Clay and his colleagues made him President, “for a consideration.”

Mr. Clay, it is said, has openly expressed his regret at his Texas letter, complaining that his pretended friends had practiced a deception upon him by a gross misrepresentation of public opinion even among the whigs. The special messenger to Ashland which was said to have been despatched on the adjourning of Congress, will however arrive there just exactly in time to be too late in requesting another letter with an Annexation tone. The mischief is done—the gulf is opened, and in it he must plunge “with all his imperfections on his head.”

The whigs are referring to the late gubernatorial contests in Tennessee as proof that Col. Polk cannot carry that State. But how stand the facts? In 1839 Col. Polk became a candidate for Governor of Tennessee, with a majority of about 20,000 against him and he was elected. In 1840, Gen. Harrison obtained the vote of that State by a majority of about 13,000. In 1841 Col. Polk became a candidate for re-election and reduced the whig majority down to about 3,500. In 1843 he was again a candidate with about the same result. Is that State the democracy have a comparatively small majority to overcome, and they will overcome it.—Cin. Enq.

AN ELOQUENT PICTURE.

We extract the following from the recent address of the Hon. George Bancroft, the distinguished historian, delivered at the great Democratic Mass Meeting, at Concord, New Hampshire, on the 5th of June. Praise from such a source is precious indeed.

In presenting to you the name of J. K. Polk, of Tennessee, for the office of President, my first words, said Mr. Bancroft, is this—his private life is pure—From boyhood, the career of James K. Polk has been unsullied. At the University he was noticed for his sobriety and diligence, obtaining the highest honors in his class. Educated in the bosom of a pious family, and in the Presbyterian church, he has ever by his example manifested, by the most regular attendance, the truest respect for the institution of public worship. He is ignorant of every game of hazard; he speaks of the authority of men of honor, who live near to him, who know him well, and would not de-

ceive me; his hard has never been raised against the life of his fellow men. With out taking the pledge, and without pretension, he abstains from the use of ardent spirits, and illustrates by his example the virtues of strict temperance. In a word, his private character is unblemished as a man and a christian. I say this reluctantly. Religion is the very best possession in the world, and the last to be spoken of. It should dwell quietly in the heart and rule the life; not be hawked about as a commodity; nor scoured up like a rusty buckler for protection, nor be worn over the shoulder like a blanket for defence. I have said this reluctantly, but silence on the present occasion might be misinterpreted, and it is due to our candidate to say that his integrity and purity, and attachment to his early instructions in religious duty are such, that in the present canvass he does not need to hide his life behind the screen of another man’s sanctity.—(Rounds of applause.)

THE MILLER AND HIS WHIG CUS TOMERS.

[The Illinois State Register happily illustrates, in the following *jeu d’esprit*, the force of that remarkably conclusive dogma that High Duties make Low Prices.—Argus.]

Some weeks since Mr. O’Connell was in Mr. Douglas’s Congressional District making democratic speeches, where he met a staunch democratic friend of his, who accosted him very familiarly, and said: friend Mack, I hear you are going to make a democratic speech here to day, about the tariff.

Well, says Mr. M., I’ll think of it; have you any objections, friend Bob?

Well I have, said his friend, I am afraid you are going to interfere with my interest with your confounded discussion about the tariff, and about low and high prices.

If that is so, Bob, I am very sorry, said Mr. M., pray how can that happen?

Well, says Mack, I will tell you in a private way like, but don’t want you to be blabbing it all around the country and make a blowing horn of yourself about it, and get me into a deal of a scrape, and perhaps into the newspapers be sides.

Oh, of course, says Mr. M., I will not whisper it to any one: but how is it?

Well, says Bob, new you know I am a miller, and keep a gristmill, and grind for toll.

Yes, I know, and a first rate mill it is too; and all your neighbors say that you are an anomaly in nature—a first rate, accommodating, and honest miller, that never takes too much toll.

Oh yes, I understand you—I understand your grist of soft corn; but that is neither here nor there—let me tell you how it was.

Some weeks ago, one of my whig customers came to mill, and brought with him a copy of Mr. Evans’ speech on the tariff—and while his grist was grinding, he sat down and read it over to me, and commented learnedly and long upon that part of the speech that proves that a high tariff makes goods lower, and the higher the duties, the lower the price of the consumer.

I listened attentively, and never disputed a word he said; and when he was about to start home, I asked him to lend me the speech, for I was greatly taken with it, and wanted to read it to the people as they came to the mill.

My whig friend readily complied, thinking he had made such a valuable convert to the high whig tariff protection cause.

As soon as he left I went to work and made me a new toll dish, and made it about two inches higher than the old one, and immediately commenced taking toll with my new dish.

The report was soon circulated in the neighborhood, too, that I had turned whig, and my whig neighbors flocked in by dozens to see me, and among the rest, my old friend that had loaned me the speech, with several others came to, gather to get grinding, and all shook me cordially by the hand, and welcomed me to the household of whiggery.

As soon as their greetings were over, I took my new toll dish, and in their presence heaped it round full of each of their grists.

Hallo Bob, says one of them, you have got a new toll dish, haven’t you?

Oh yes, says I, the old one got a little shuffling like, and a little wore off at the top, and rather too small for the interests of my customers, and I thought it was best to have a new one.

Yes, by gracious, says another of them, do you see that, Williams; if it ain’t about a third bigger than the old one, I will be shot: sure enough, says the other. Why, Bob, what the mischief does that mean? how is that for the interest of your customers, as you say?

Oh, says I, very plain, don’t you understand it? the higher the toll, the less

or the price of grinding, and the more meal you get.

Show now Bob, says one of them, how can you make that out? Now none of your humping us with your big toll dish in these hard Tyler times.

Well now, says I, it is all as plain as day—come set down here and let me explain it to you; and I straightway took out Evan’s speech and read it to them, and explained how the high tariff worked, and although it appeared to increase the cost of the goods to the importer and retailing merchant, yet the higher he paid for them, the lower he could afford to sell them to his customers, the farmers and laborers who consumed them; and now, said I, the same universal law of trade cause and effect, applies with equal force to the miller and his customers. He does the grinding and consumes the meal, and the toll being the price and cost of grinding, and although my new toll dish appears larger, yet you get more meal by it; all this I proved very clearly by Mr. Evans’ speech and the argument of my whig neighbor who gave me the document, and I tell you, friend Mack, it was a knock down argument to those boys—they looked at each other like so many pigs in a Newfoundland fog—each expecting the other to answer my speech but it was no go, it was a good whig argument, and proven by accredited whig documents, and they immediately gave in and admitted, that although they did not exactly understand it at first, yet it is now clear and as self-evident as Mr. Evans’ argument, showing the higher the tariff, which stands in the place of the toll, the cheaper the goods, which stands in the place of the meal.

From that time I have been using my new toll dish pretty freely, and manufacturing meal and flour has got to be a first rate business; and what is better, my whig customers, although their grist of meal don’t last quite as long as they used to, are well satisfied, and now, Mack, I don’t want you to be blowing away here that Evans’ speech is not true, and that this whig doctrine about the high tariff making goods lower, is all wrong, for if you do, my pond is out, and I am ruined, with my new toll dish operation.

But, says Mr. McConnell, pray Bob, how do you get along with your democratic customers, surely you can’t humbug them with your Evans’ speech and whig arguments?

Oh shaw, no, says Bob, I use the old toll dish for them, and all goes off well; but now don’t you tell any body what I told you.

“THE FARMER OF ASHLAND.”

THAT COULD NOT MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET AT TWELVE DOLLARS PER DAY!

The West Chester Republican says: In the year 1816 an act was passed by Congress, changing the compensation of the members from six dollars per day to \$1800 the session, which, as the session that scarcely averaged one hundred days each, was upwards of fifteen dollars per day. Mr. Clay warmly advocated the passage of this law, coming down from the Speaker’s chair to make a speech in its favor. It is to be observed that his wages as Speaker, was then twelve dollars per day. A sketch of his remarks was published in the Lexington Reporter of May 31st, 1816, a paper which has always been warmly devoted to his interest, from which we extract the following notable sentences:

“Mr. C. [Clay] said his own personal experience determined him in voting for the bill. He had attended Congress, sometimes without his family, and at other times with a part of it, and although his compensation whilst he had enjoyed the honor of presiding in this House, WAS DOUBLE THAT OF OTHER MEMBERS, he declared with the utmost sincerity, THAT HE HAD NEVER BEEN ABLE TO MAKE BOTH ENDS MEET AT THE TERMINATION OF CONGRESS.”

Clay’s sick, ‘tis true, from very malice; he can’t endure our Polk and Dallas—and as he walks the streets alone, he says “go home where you belong.”

The whigs laud Clay for trying to modify and reduce the tariff in 1832 and 33—but denounce Polk for doing the same thing. Does not such a party deserve the contempt into which it is sinking?

The Hon. Henry A. Wise asserts that in the first draft of the compromise act in Mr. Clay’s own hand-writing it was provided in terms that after 1842, the duties should be laid without reference to the protection of domestic manufactures.

Boss are truly offered in the South, that Mr. Clay will not get a single State below Mason’s line.